

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 552.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOV. 1, 1862.

VOL. XXII. No. 5.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Bells on the Wind.

BY FANNY MALONE RAYMOND.

Bells on the wind,
Wasted anear,
Past mount and meadow,
Through sun and shadow,
Crystalline clear!

Bells on the wind,
Calm me, console!
Soften this lonely
Sorrow, this only—
Grief of my soul!

Bells on the wind,
Sink soft and low!
Cheer me and charm me;
Care cannot harm me,
While your tones flow!

Bells on the wind,
Rocking to rest
Useless complaining;
Tenderly raining
Balm in the breast.

Bells on the wind,
Were mine the choice,
Fain would I follow,
Over this hollow
Circle, your voice!

Translated for this Journal.

Mozart's Masses.

(Concluded from page 234).

In the Mass last mentioned (No. XI)* we have seen that, for a composer of great mental endowments, if he chance to be in a high and holy mood—as was evidently the case in this work—it is quite possible *exceptionally*, even without traditional, church-like forms, to produce the impression of solemnity and dignity.

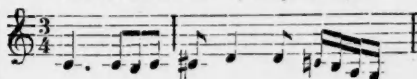
It might be interesting to compare this church composition of Mozart's, which is nearly all written in the free style, with his *Requiem*, built almost entirely in the severe forms of choral, imitation and fugue; and also with the solemn Masses of the two Haydns, Beethoven, &c., who by a mixed writing, employing now the free and now the close style, sought to blend and reconcile the richer means of an advanced period and art, and the rights of their own original individuality, with the demands of ritual tradition. It might convince a candid person, that even in this field there is more than *one* way to the top, if only the two fundamental conditions, genius and inspiration, be not wanting.

The onslaught which has been raised of late years, from different sides and different motives, against these masterworks of the South German, as well as others of the North German school, Bach's B minor Mass for instance, has not even the charm of novelty. It is but a few years since the sect of the Nazarenes, so called, following out a principle, if not correct yet worthy of

* We were mistaken in saying that this Mass is not found in Novello's collection; it is No. I there.—Ed.

consideration, with a rigid consistency until it became absurd and ridiculous, attempted to give to Christian painting the exclusive stamp of the old German starved and meagre forms before Albrecht Dürer, and the "stiff-legged" old Italian before Giotto, and to drive out of the temple all the other painters, who ventured to express any independent vitality in this field of art, even if they bore the names of Raphael, Michel Angelo, Da Vinci, Dürer, Holbein, &c. But it is thought they still remain inside.

MASS No. XII. (Comp. 1780).



But already the next shows how hard it is for even genius, robbed of such supports (traditional church forms), to sustain itself upon this narrow edge, without plunging over into the secular field.

Full of fire and genius, like No. X., this extremely unequal composition contains on one hand truly sacred strains, such as the *Kyrie* in its introduction, as well as other beauties—for instance the peculiar setting of the *Qui tollis*, also interesting for the harmonic progression—and then again frequently, on the other hand, passages in an altogether worldly, in fact frivolous style. Thus the *Hosanna*, which is kept entirely in the style of an opera aria, contains a sort of musical mousetrap, the flow of the melody, at the repetition of the same, being suddenly interrupted by a half-pause easily overlooked by the singers.

After such a *Hosanna* one will be not a little surprised in this very Mass to come upon a strict, masterly wrought fugue in the *Benedictus*, against whose barren heights the following *Agnus* stands in all the sharper, nay repulsive contrast. Treated precisely like a bravura aria, and furthermore accompanied by gallant *concertanti* instruments, this *Agnus Dei miserere!* resembles to a hair the Magdalen pictures of the Bolognese school, those beautiful sinners, still seductive in their humiliation, as they beat remorsefully their bared bosoms painted *con amore*.

These two consecutive numbers in this Mass, the *Benedictus* and the *Agnus*, stand out against each other in too strong contrast, not to lead us to suspect a secret purpose, as in Mass No. V. Was the whole Mass written perhaps in involuntary connivance with the taste of some influential personage, and the *Agnus* for one of those travelling *cantatrici*, who wished to produce her "liquid throat" also in the church? And was the over-strict style of the *Benedictus* a protest in notes against such profanations? At any rate this supposition has more in its favor, than the idea of the degeneracy of Mozart's taste, after it had just shown itself in the most advantageous manner in the Mass immediately preceding this.

If we think over these remarkable works collectively, we must be astonished at the length of road he left behind him in so short a time, and

at the great variety of manifestations that present themselves. And we must feel convinced that Mozart, in years before he had scarcely made the first attempts in Opera, when even "*Idomeneo*" and the "*Seraglio*" still lay in his head in embryo, had already run through a whole cycle, representing a continual conflict of old traditional forms with his own inborn sense for beautiful shaping and dramatic life. The mixture of the church-like with the secular domain, which thus arose, presents a real period of transition and of clarification, from which Mozart's sound and happy nature must certainly have come out victorious, entering upon another far higher cycle, in which the severer typical forms, sought out anew, would have become transfigured into high ideals of churchlike beauty.

This cycle now lies before us, like grand old temple ruins, in its beginning, the *Misericordias*, and its end, the *Ave verum* and the *Requiem*; the whole space between, the period when his genius was in bloom, is filled up with innumerable works of every kind, only not with church works.

One who knows, how in all ages the highest in Art has been achieved, and here in the nature of things could only be achieved, in the sphere of Religion, may estimate the loss which the world has suffered from the fact, that Mozart, less fortunate than Raphael,* found no Julius and Leo, no encouraging influence of highly cultivated ecclesiastical princes, to lead him to adorn the temple of God, as Raphael did the Vatican, with immortal works,—which he, by the happiest union of knowledge, genius, taste and religious feeling, seemed predestined more than any other, to create.

Those, who acknowledge Mozart only in Opera, and who would shut him up in that sphere, as if to keep him out of mischief, will of course shake their heads at such assertions. But, apart from the *Misericordias*, the *Ave* and the *Requiem*, and so many other noble things found scattered through his Masses, Litanies and Vespers (proofs which only perfect deafness could deny), there are other indications enough how Mozart felt and thought in his riper years about church music.—It is remarkable that on one occasion he calls it *his favorite department*; at another time he expresses himself in this way: "He who does not love and cultivate the Fugue, cannot boast of understanding anything of music; he himself, when left all alone to himself in his chamber, improvises chiefly Fugues and kindred forms so that his wife wonders and asks him why he does not put these things, which he appears to love so much, more frequently on paper?" In Leipzig he plays the organ so entirely in the spirit of Sebastian Bach, that the old Doles, Bach's pupil and successor, full of rapture, hints, that the great master him-

* The collective works of Mozart may amount to about 630-640, among which 40 at the most are found belonging to the church. Raphael's works, including the drawings and sketches, are reckoned by Passavant at 1000-1100; certainly 800 of them at least have religious subjects.

self has risen from the dead. And when he observes the kapellmeister in the Catholic court church in Dresden, at the head of an excellent choir and orchestra, conducting a church composition in a masterly manner, he exclaims, touched to the bottom of his soul by the thought of having for the most part missed the true aim of his life: "*O God, if thou hadst only placed me before such an orchestra and in the church!*"

But they are gone forever—the knowledge, the genius, the taste, the religious feeling—Mozart has taken them with him into the great Hereafter. It would be a useless, if not altogether an uninteresting undertaking, to try to imagine what he might have done. One thing is certain; even if he had been free from all unworthy hindrances, he never would have pushed things to the colossal; for no one had a greater aversion to the cloud-land of the vague and limitless, than this genius, who always knew how to limit himself in Art, if he never did in life. He was not like those nightingales, who having once begun to sing, you must needs wring their necks before they will leave off again, as Goethe says. Even the *Requiem*, although a grand, is by no means a very extensive structure.

On the other hand it cannot be doubted that, independently situated, he would joyfully have flung far away the miniature pencil pressed upon him by his archbishop; for he was too well initiated into the nature of all Art not to clearly see, that, apart from their depth, a certain breadth is also necessary to the production of important works, as well as to the understanding and enjoyment of them, and that too small proportions detract from the free unfolding of the artist's powers, not less than from his success with the friends of Art. The incredible disadvantage of too small proportions is also seen in other arts. If Albrecht Dürer's "*Adoration of the Trinity*," which now hangs in the picture gallery of the Imperial Belvedere in Vienna, a picture of some three feet square, unnoticed by thousands, had been executed by him upon a church wall on a grand scale *al fresco*, the world would have made pilgrimages to the masterpiece, as it does to Michel-Angelo's *Sistine* and Raphael's *Stanza* in the Vatican.

But let us turn from this painfully fruitless theme back to the Masses we have been discussing, and consider once more their structure and internal arrangement. They are remarkable enough, and do not find their parallel in the whole field of music; but we find perhaps their explanation and their justification in a letter, written by the young master to the celebrated Father Martini. In it he complains bitterly, that the Masses designed for the archbishop, with all the accessory music, *Gradual*, *Offertorium* &c., even at high festivals, were not allowed to occupy at the most more than three quarters of an hour; and then he adds significantly: "*This sort of composition demands therefore a peculiar study.*" What do these few words mean, if not just this: "I must, to stand with honor before myself, for this sort of musical miniature painting, first invent and prepare all for myself; a finer pencil, softer colors, more precise, condensed ideas, often only a sketched grouping thereof."—If we keep this firmly in view, we shall think better and more justly of many of the seemingly wilful *bizareries* in Mozart's Masses. This ceaseless oscillation of the voice parts between quarter, sixteenth, half and eighth notes, giving rise

to a peculiar rapid recitative-like *parlando* (Mozart had to speak rapidly, for he had much to say and a short time to say it in); these little solos, so sharply circumscribed to a hair's breadth within this little space; these *hatching strokes* of the stringed instruments, drawn across it this way, and that designed like the cross shading in painting to bring the lights out more; in short the whole ingenious contrivance of these works, about which the only riddle is, that when you only read them, they seem artful, but not beautiful, whereas, when you only hear them, they seem beautiful but not difficult. (As to the difficulty, choir conductors can tell you, who had rather undertake to drill their singing boys into the grandest solemn Mass of Joseph Haydn, than into one of Mozart's. In fact you seldom hear them more than half tolerably performed, to say nothing of the spirit in which they are conceived.)

If nevertheless, now that they are nearly a century old, they still retain their youthful freshness unwithered, it is only one more proof of their intrinsic worth, and that they belong to those compositions, which, as Zelter says, are not to be destroyed either by bad critics, or by bad performers.

Music-lovers, not acquainted with these works, therefore, might derive great and manifold enjoyment from the performance of them. It would require no further apparatus (supposing of course some indispensable knowledge of thorough-bass), than a clever organist for the organ part at the piano, four singers firm in the saddle, and two middling good violinists; since, as was mentioned in the beginning, all the rest is unessential.

Besides the charm of watching the various phases in the young master's sadly interrupted period of transformation and coming out of the chrysalis state—a source of most peculiar and striking manifestations—they would find, alongside of many and essential faults, which he exposes with all the unaffected naiveté of youth and genius, already those extraordinary excellences associated with his name: The highest originality and richness of ideas, struck out, alike ingeniously and soulfully, in beautiful precision of form; deep human feeling; and that unspeakable euphony of musical language, such as could only be the attribute of the man, who possessed the finest ear among all mortals.

A Draught for the Particular History of Phonics; or, the Doctrine of Sound and Hearing.

(FROM LORD BACON'S "*Sylva Sylvarum*."

Continued from page 235.

SECTION VI.

OF THE EQUALITY AND INEQUALITY OF SOUNDS.

We come next to such inequality of sounds, as proceeds not from the nature of the bodies themselves, but is accidental; either through the roughness or obliquity of the passage, the doubling of the percipient, or the trepidation of the motion. A bell if cracked, whereby the sound has not a clear passage, rings hoarse, when, by a cold, the wind-pipe grows rugged and furred.—And in these two instances the sounds are ungrateful, because totally unequal; but when unequal in equality, they prove grateful, though purling.

All instruments that have either returns, as trumpets; flexures, as cornets; or are elevated and depressed, as sacbuts; yield a purling sound; but the flute that has none of these ine-

qualities, gives a clear sound. Yet the flute itself, moistened a little on the inside, sounds more solemnly and with a degree of purling or hissing. And a wreathed string, such as the bass strings of a bandora, also yields a purling sound.

But a lute string, if it be altogether unequal in its parts, gives a harsh and untunable sound; which kind of strings we call false strings, as being bigger in one part than another: whence wire-strings are never false. So, to try a lute-string, we extend it hard between the fingers and fillip it; and if it give a double species, it is true; but if more it is false.

The running of waters affords a trembling noise; and in regals, which have a nightingale-pipe that contains water, the sound is continually tremulous. There is also a plaything for children calls cocks, with water in them, which, when blown into, yield a trembling sound; and this trembling of water has an affinity with the letter L. And all these inequalities of trepidation are rather pleasant than otherwise.

All bass, or very treble notes, give a rough sound; the bass striking more air than it can well strike equally; whilst the treble cuts the air so sharp, that it returns too swift to make the sound equal: and therefore the mean, or tenor, is the sweetest part in music.

We know nothing that can at pleasure make a musical or immusical sound, by voluntary motion, but the voice of man and birds. The cause is, no doubt in the windpipe; which, being well extended, acquires an equality; as a bladder that is wrinkled becomes smooth when extended. The extension is always greater in tones than in speech; whence the inward voice, or whisper, can never give a tone. And in singing, there is a greater labor of the throat than in speaking; as appears from the thrusting out, or drawing in of the chin, when we sing. The humming of bees is an unequal buzzing, conceived, by some of the ancients, not to issue at the mouth of the creature, but to be an inward sound. It should rather seem to proceed from the motion of their wings, for it is not heard but when these stir.

All metals quenched in water give a hissing sound, (which has affinity with the letter Z); notwithstanding the sound is created between the water or vapor, and the air. Boiling also, if there be but little water in a vessel, makes a hissing sound; but boiling in a full vessel makes a bubbling sound, somewhat like that of the cocks used by children.

Trial should be made, whether the inequality of the medium will not produce an inequality of sound; as if three bells were made, one within another, with air between them, and the outermost bell were chimed with a hammer; how would the sound differ from that of a single bell? So, likewise, join a plate of brass and a plank of wood together, and strike upon one of them, to try if they do not give an unequal sound. Again, make two or three partitions of wood in a hog's-head, with holes or knots in them, and mark the difference of their sound from that of a hog's-head without such partitions.

SECTION VII.

OF THE MORE TREBLE, AND THE MORE BASS TONES, OR MUSICAL SOUNDS.

'Tis evident that the percussion of a great quantity of air causes the bass sound, and the less quantity the treble. The percussion of the greater quantity of air proceeds from the largeness of the striking body, and the length and breath of the concavity through which the sound passes; whence a bass string is greater; a bass flute, wider than a treble; and in pipes, and the like, the lower the note-holes are, and the farther from the mouth of the pipe, the more bass sound; and the nearer the mouth the more treble; so, if you strike an entire body, as an handiron of brass, at the top, it makes a more treble sound; and at the bottom, a more bass. 'Tis also evident that the sharper or quicker percussion of the air causes the more treble sound; and a slower, or heavier, the more bass sound. So, in strings, the more they are strained, the quicker they start back, and the more treble the sound; as, on the

contrary, the slacker they are, the basser the sound; and hence, a bigger string more stretched, and a smaller string less stretched, may fall into the same tone.

Children and women have smaller and shriller voices than men, not because men have greater heat, which may make the voice stronger (for strength of voice regards only loudness and softness, not tone); but from the dilatation of the organ, which, indeed, may proceed from heat.—But the cause of changing in the voice, at the years of puberty, is more obscure. It seems to be hence, that when much of the moisture of the body, which before watered the parts, is drawn down to the spermatie vessels, it leaves the body hotter; whence the dilatation of the organs; for all the effects of heat manifestly come on at this time, as pilosity, roughness of the skin, hardness of the flesh, &c.

The industry of musicians has invented two other ways of straining strings, besides winding; the one is stopping them with the finger, as in neck of lutes, viols, &c., the other is by shortening the strings, as in harps, virginals, &c. Both these depend upon the same principle, as they only cause the string to give a quicker start. In straining of a string, the farther it is stretched the less super-straining goes to a note, for a string requires to be considerably wound before it will make any note at all; and in the stops of lutes, &c., the higher they go, the less distance there is between the frets.

If you fill a conical drinking-glass with water, then fill it on the brim, and afterwards empty part of the water, and so more and more, still trying the tone by filipping, you will find the tone more bass, as the glass is more empty.

(To be Continued.)

What are the Symptoms of a Speedy Decline of the Voice?

By DOCTOR SCHWARTZ.

Translated for the Musical Review and World by Fanny M. Raymond.

As the human voice is merely the effect of expiration, and of the muscles of the larynx: so the signs of its approaching loss are to be referred to this complication of breath and muscle. And he who understands the requirements for every good shade of tone in the human voice, and who knows what inward muscular working creates such tone, will be able to give the muscular ground for every false quality of tone that strikes his ear, and also the safest means to use in order to counteract such vocal defects. Heretofore, the human voice, and the art of song have never been studied from this only true and certain point of view: why not? because the clear insight into this muscular system and its mode of working was wanting at an earlier period, and because those who had a tolerably correct idea of generalities, knew little certain in detail, which is here of so much consequence. Far be it from us to treat with contempt or disregard what has been already accomplished; far be it from us to accuse those who are yet imprisoned in traditional errors of teaching; but we regard it as our holy duty, to share the results of our investigations with others; and as we have hitherto avoided even naming the names of those who have a reputation as trainers of the voice, in spite of their ignorance, so also the present article only treats of our subject, and not of personalities. Therefore the writer requests, that the subject be judged according to its own worth, and not censured with mean and malicious side-cuts. Whoever can confute me, let him do so! And let him who can not confute, rejoice in a recognized truth! These are the tactics of the honest in all branches of human knowledge. And now, back to our theme! It is not our intention to describe here the vocal-muscular-system and its varied means of working, both correct and incorrect; we will merely mention the symptoms of an approaching loss of voice, and the fore-runners of speedy vocal ruin, as they can be observed by the ear, with the physiological muscular grounds for the same; and in order to avoid unnecessary details, we will suppose that

the singer in question, whose voice is threatened with early destruction, is free from those defects, fatal in themselves to the voice, of throat and nose tone. There are three stages of vocal decline, or of incorrect management of the vocal muscles, which may be perceived even by the unlearned in the art of song, because the ear is unpleasantly impressed by them. These three stages usually succeed each other at short intervals of time, but sometimes two, and even all three are there at once. To begin with the first sign; how often has the intelligent hearer asked himself the question as to this or that singer, "why do those tones tremble?" and as nothing in the situation led him to suppose that it was done intentionally, he has come to the conclusion that this celebrated singer could not produce the tones otherwise. I do not mean an intentional vibration of tone, but an aimless tremolo; the ear feels this tremolizing to be a continued wavering between rising and falling, with an inclination to falling, which becomes very perceptible at the close of the sustained tone, while the tremolo is most audible if the tone in question is commenced fortissimo. This usually commences in the high or highest tones of a voice, and then spreads from the upper register down through the medium and lower register. What are the physiological grounds for this unmusical and unesthetic phenomenon? From the mere fact that this aimless tremolo on the high tones, to produce which an energetic impulse from the ascending column of air is necessary, first appears, we know: that the use of the muscles of expiration must bear the principal blame; and indeed such singers can no longer produce their high tones with a quiet expiration of air, regulated according to their will, but the air is forced out by sudden, violent contractions of the muscles of expiration. This sudden shock again gives to the whole larynx (as the flexible summit of the whole moveable wind-pipe) such a violent upward jerk, that those muscles which are used to draw the larynx down, or that sustain each tone (sternothyroidei, sternocleid, and omohyoidei) begin to tremble, and at last lose so much of their quiet, independent power of contraction, that all opposition between them and the muscles that serve to draw the larynx up gradually ceases. This jerking up of the larynx (as a whole), or—what is the same thing—this trembling, is then heard not merely at the commencement and during the holding out of the high tones, but soon at the commencement of the medium tones, and finally at the attack of every tone, producing tones that resemble the bleating of a goat.

This unintentional trembling of the tone is nothing but an unintentional trembling of the muscles: if the muscles did not tremble, neither would the tone. Certainly there is a means of concealing this tremolo; it is that stroke of art, so much admired by many singers,—the lightly touching, never long sustaining such tones; then, instead of full tones, we hear screaming high outcries, sudden exclamations, which often have a powerful effect on the "great public," but which do not conceal the cause of their often unaccountable appearance from the connoisseur, but rather perhaps, first awake in him a sincere longing for noble, easy song.—This unintentional tremolizing is the first stage of a speedy ruin of each musical tone, or of the singing-voice, and is nothing but a tottering, a shaking of the entire vocal machine, the larynx. And if we now pass from the first to the second stage, which is caused by a false use of the muscles of breathing, we shall be led inside the already tottering machine. We carefully tread an unsafe building, to see how the separate stories and beams look inside. But before we enter, we will listen, and mark how far these inward proceedings can be perceived by the ear.

In the first stage of decline, our ear perceived a continual wavering between the rise and fall of tone, with a greater tendency to sink; but what do we hear when this has lasted for some time, and increased? Continual false, flat intonation. A singer who has reached this stage, tremolizes only in the first act of an opera, perhaps, but sings the second too flat throughout.

And who can pretend for a moment that this false intonation is intentionally done? It is an open, involuntary weakness, a want of power to commence, or sustain a tone at its proper height of pitch. (We do not here allude to sharp intonation, for it does not properly belong to this article). At the first stage, a tendency to sing flat merely showed itself, but in this second we hear it in perfection. What is the cause of this unesthetic and unmusical phenomenon? asks the reader. And so I invite him to enter, with me, that already unsafe and tottering building, the trembling larynx. And alas! how does it look there?—The larynx, it is well known, consists principally of two large cartilages, the thyroid and cricoid, with the two arytenoid cartilages which rest upon the preceding; these form the front and back wall of the building, and are united by means of two horizontal and parallel ligaments, the vocal cords. Now, when one of these walls approaches, or recedes from, the other, a greater or less tension of these cords ensues, and, consequently, a lower or higher tone. This position of the walls or cartilages to each other, which is necessary for every tone, is effected and regulated by muscles, the crico-thyroids, and the thyro-arytenoids, of which those unite both cartilages outwardly, and these inwardly, at least so far as they stretch beneath the vocal cords. And as in every building that once begins to totter, we find that the once firmly placed walls rock back and forwards, so this necessarily becomes also the case with the trembling larynx. Through the violent upward jerk of the whole larynx in the first stage, we find the position of both walls, and of the muscles that effect the tension of the vocal cords, greatly shaken; and the oftener this concussion returns, the sooner they lose the power of holding the vocal cords at the necessary degree of contraction; while they naturally strive to return to their tranquillizing expansion, to a condition of indifference,—which means, that the tone falls below the true pitch. I say "naturally," because every muscle of the human body, if it be hindered in its correct efficiency, finally loses all its activity. Only too often, and too early this involuntary false intonation, this relaxation of the above named muscles, shows itself, and also in what are called singers by nature, who have never learned how to command the necessary muscular action; but in the case we treat of at present, it is the consequence of a too violent or too frequent use of a fatigued vocal apparatus. But the sound of such a trembling and sinking tone may still be passable; the sound, so far as it is the result of the firm mass and soft molecules of the vocal cords, of a proper breadth of the larynx and pharynx, may yet be pleasing and agreeable to the ear, although the tone has already become musically incorrect and even completely false. But the case is altered in the third and last stage of a declining voice; or indeed to whom has it not often happened, that a once fine and fresh sounding voice has become, after a few years (through improper practice), or at most, after a series of long continued efforts,—quite different, hollow, dull, and hoarse? Yes, even more! Whoever knows how to discriminate, will find, only too often, that with many singers, even those who are just beginning their career, while the upper and lower tones seem to sound well, the medium register is always hoarse. With such beginners, this is a still easily curable consequence of an incorrect use of the necessary muscles, but where this defect preponderates overwhelmingly, it is the consequence of a gradually lost, at last worn out, muscular action. These tones have a hissing, whistling sound, as if mixed with the hollow rush of breath, and from year to year they grow more toneless, and more mixed with breath as the tone decreases. In short, at first we hear tone with a little rush of breath, but at last only breath with a very little tone; so that the tone strikes the ear more as an expiration of air than as the sound of vibrating vocal cords. Whence comes this tonelessness, this rattling breath? We need not leave the larynx, within which we have just stepped, to find the cause, for as soon as we turn our glance towards what we have named above

its back wall (the cricoid, and two arytenoid cartilages), we find this already shaking. To each arytenoid cartilage a vocal cord is fastened by its back end, and when these two cartilages lie close together (for thus the back wall is closed up), the vocal cords also lie so close, that they almost touch each other. This is the case with every fine tone: and the very fine stream of air that then passes between these vocal cords, then just touches their edges, and so causes them to vibrate. All air that passes through is then immediately and entirely transformed into tone; and the muscles that cause this by their contractions, are the arytenoid transversus (by closing the arytenoid cartilages) and the thyro-arytenoid-us (by sphincterish approximation of the vocal cords). When a whistling rush of breath mingles with the tone, it is a sign that the above named muscles have lost their power of contraction. The thyro-arytenoid muscle, which, in the second stage of decline of the voice, became weakened through too long tension of the vocal cords, has, in the third stage, lost its control over the rising and swelling of these, and the arytenoid transversus muscle is no longer able to bring the arytenoid cartilages together; and now the vocal cords stand so wide apart, that the stream of air that passes between them is unable to make their vibrations resound. And thus we hear, at the same time, the passage of sounding and soundless air; that is to say, tone and a rush of breath, sound and empty air; and the more this weakness of the above named muscular action increases, the more toneless grows the once full, metallic, healthy voice.

We have mentioned above, that the three stages, of which we have given the details, sometimes make their appearance almost at the same time; indeed, the union of the first and third stages is unfortunately too often observed, for such trembling, bleating high tones easily agree with a hoarse, or trembling medium register. The shock which is experienced by the vocal organs as a whole, soon affects every part of this whole, and in place of the former command of the muscles, an utter uselessness of the debilitated apparatus gains more and more the upper hand.

But while, according to our correct statement, founded equally on science and experience, the early loss of a singer's voice commences with the false and violent use of the muscles of breathing, and then the natural working of the sterno-thyroid, crico-thyroid, and arytenoid muscles is gradually destroyed—other influences, such as colds, &c., brought to bear on the mucous membrane, may render the use of the voice difficult, and even destroy it. Such accidents can be treated by the science of the physician; but the causes we have described belong to the teaching of singing, and their cure can not be effected in a blindly empirical manner, but only on a physiologically safe basis. No thinker can doubt but that a total cure is often possible, for, through our description, he must have become convinced, that this trembling, singing out of tune, and hoarseness is not—as the ignorant would have it—an anatomically, organic defect, but only a mistake in the use of those muscles which should be subject to our will. However, where too much is already ruined, nothing good can be restored; of this also physiological knowledge gives certain and early information.

Manager and Critic.

When will managers of theatres thoroughly understand the relationship that should exist between themselves and the representatives of the press? Never, we fear. It seems to be an ineradicable conviction of managers that reporters should bestow nothing but praise on their doings, whether that praise may be deserved or the opposite. A more erroneous conviction could not possibly be entertained. That a reporter for the press should rather dwell upon the strong than on the weak parts of a performance, we readily admit; but that he should (invariably and under all circumstances) see everything—good, bad, or indifferent—*couléur de rose*, it is nothing less than monstrous to expect. What becomes of his

office under such conditions? Who will believe a single word he writes? Not only does the critic, who eulogizes one performance after another, *quand même*, do injustice to himself, but in an equal measure, to the theatre he attends.—His reports degenerate into mere puffs, and thus lose all authority; so much so, that when his praises, however enthusiastic, are entirely merited, they carry no weight with them, or, indeed, are regarded with suspicion. But managers will not see, much less understand, least of all admit the worth of this. They look upon the reporter, who honestly, fearlessly, and conscientiously performs his duty, as no better than an enemy in disguise—an anonymous assailant in short.

Such narrow-minded views are, unfortunately, too prevalent; and just now we have a case in point. Every one has heard of *The Manchester Guardian*, as a paper (in spite of its Parisian correspondence) remarkable alike for talent and independent speaking. Well, last year, *The Manchester Guardian* was somewhat severe upon certain performances of Italian Opera, got up by Manager Knowles, at the Theatre Royal. The *Guardian* had a right to its opinion, and, as a public advocate, was bound to express it openly. This, however, was so little to the taste of Manager Knowles, that, on the resumption of the operatic performances, a short time since, the representative of the *Guardian* was struck off what is called the "free list." Such a proceeding was not likely to intimidate, much less to influence, a thriving and powerful journal. It was a direct and premeditated insult; and the *Manchester paper*, proud in its integrity, thus, at one and the same time, explains the circumstances to its readers, and resents the affront in manly and appropriate terms:—

"In justice to ourselves we desire to call public attention to a deliberate insult inflicted upon our representative by the manager of the Theatre Royal. The manager has thought fit to withdraw from our musical critic that free entrance to the Theatre during the present operatic series which by custom the gentlemen of the press are supposed to possess as an appendage of their profession. This step was taken arbitrarily, without previous complaint, notice, or explanation to any one; and when the cause of this withdrawal of our customary privilege was asked, the only pretext was that the lessee had become dissatisfied with the operatic criticisms which have appeared in the *Guardian*, and in a fit of pique had decided to punish the gentleman who had written them by refusing him the *entrée* to his house. This course could have but one object—the desire, by a paltry exercise of power, to dictate to us who shall be our critic, or in what strain the musical performances at the Theatre Royal shall be criticized in our columns. Were it not for the desire which is thus manifested to control the free expression of opinion in the press, this unworthy act would have been treated by us with the silent contempt which it would then alone, deserve; but viewed in the light which we take of it, we feel that these facts ought to be known to our readers, who have an interest in that fidelity and freedom in the expression of opinion which we have always exercised. We need, perhaps, scarcely add that the lessee has gained no advantage whatever by his unworthy act. The gentleman who has now for years past conscientiously performed the duties of musical critic for the *Guardian* will continue to represent us at Theatre Royal as elsewhere; but for the future we must pay for his admission to the house of a man who has to thank us for many favors and much aid during a not inconsiderable period of time."

Manager Knowles should read the foregoing spirited and vigorously expressed defiance every morning before breakfast, and endeavor—if not wholly dead to all sense of what is straightforward, just, and honorable, to profit by it. It may be taken for granted that theatrical speculators can never safely tamper with, can never bully with impunity, a public journal, conscious of, and prepared to fulfil with undeviating integrity, its duties to its patrons and supporters.—*London Musical World*.

Mozart's "Seraglio" in New York.

This opera has been repeatedly performed by the Germans at Wallack's, and each time with increased success. Mozart wrote it, when he was engaged to Constanze Weber, and it is said, that the troubles

and joys he felt at that time, are fully reflected in his music. We readily believe, that Belmont's (the tenor) beautiful strains are the echo of his own feelings and longings. Sweeter music and purer and loftier thoughts have never been put into a lover's mouth by any composer, not even by Mozart himself. Especially the second aria in A, "Constanze," is a gem, and became immediately a favorite of the public, when the opera was first performed, (in 1782). The third aria (in B flat) is of unsurpassed sweetness and tenderness, while the fourth and last bears a more manly and resolute character. It is very difficult, and was left out at the late performances.

The soprano part (Constanze) is less happily treated. It is evident, that when writing it, Mozart considered more the peculiar abilities of the prima donna who sang it first, and the then existing fashion, than his own genius and taste. The arias are full of ornaments, which sound to our ears old-fashioned, and, while all the rest of the opera can be keenly enjoyed by any modern audience, it is this soprano part, which reminds us that the opera was written eighty years ago. A really grand and grotesque figure is that of Osmin, the favorite of the Bashaw. It was not in the original book of the opera, and the credit of its introduction is entirely due to Mozart. The music, which this large, cunning and ugly fellow has to sing, is thoroughly comic, and his very first aria (in F) may be looked upon as the model for a great many arias, which since then have been written for comic operas by German authors.—Whatever Osmin does and sings, it is to the point and so exquisitely characteristic of the man, that we do not know of any other comic figure in Mozart's operas, which puts forth his dramatic genius in more prominent light. And just as if he was anxious to remind us of the versatility of this genius, the master gives us in the roguish *confidante* of Constanze, in *Blonde*, another comic character, but of a different and more refined style, and a part just as happily planned and treated as that of Osmin. These two characters, together with that of Pedrillo, another of the prisoners of the Bashaw, whose serenade in D is an original and charming composition, quite modern in its style, form the chief characters of the work, which is very justly called the comic opera of the Germans. Mozart has never written any other dramatic music which is so thoroughly comic. His *Nozze di Figaro* is in this respect far more deficient, although the music itself is of a more elevated character. What gives an additional interest to the opera, is the fact, that it was the first Mozart wrote for the national theatre, which Joseph the second was polite enough to found in opposition to the Italian opera, which at that time ruled supreme, and to which he himself was more favorably inclined. Perhaps it was owing to the ruling taste of the day, although in general the music to *The Seraglio* may be called thoroughly German.

The performance was in a great many respects satisfactory, especially when we consider, that the energetic and able manager has no so-called stars at his disposal. Mad. Johannsen sustained the ungrateful and difficult role of "Constanze" exceedingly well. Mad. Rotter (*Blonde*) was as usual very funny and sang her part well. She overdid, however, in some instances, and was here and there not quite—lady-like. Mr. Lotti sang the part of Belmonte. This singer has a pretty voice and good delivery. What he lacks, is soul and intelligence, unfortunately two little items, which are difficult to obtain. We are afraid, Mr. Lotti will never be able to boast of their possession. Mr. Quint did well with the part of Pedrillo; less acceptable was Mr. Weinlich as Osmin. The orchestra, especially in the first two performances, was not quite so satisfactory as we are used to hear it under the direction of Mr. Anschütz. In conclusion let us say, that the overture, especially in its Presto movement, sounds rather thin and old fashioned at the present day; on the other side the Andante in C minor, so happily reproduced (in C major) by Belmonte in his first aria, sounds as fresh as ever, and will be still relished, when even this lively little opera shall have no other but a historic interest, a time which has by no means yet arrived.—*Musical Review and World*.

Life and Genius of Mozart.

From Fitzgerald's City Item.

What shall I say of Mozart that is not already known to you? His short life of thirty-six years, his small delicate form, his wonderful facility both as a composer and performer—his travels in Germany, France, Italy, Switzerland and England—the difficulties that beset his path—jealousies, rivalries, intrigues, neglect—his unsuccessful first love—his marriage—the birth of his children—his dazzling triumphs, whenever or wherever he appeared—his

No. 33. LIFT UP YOUR HEADS, O YE GATES.

Psalm, xxiv. v. 9

CHORUS. A TEMPO ORDINARIO

1st SOPRANO.  Lift up your heads,

2d SOPRANO.  Lift up your heads,

ALTO.  Lift up your heads,

TENORE. 

BASSO. 

A TEMPO ORDINARIO.  J=68.

 O ye gates! and be ye lift up, ye ev-er-lasting doors, and the King of Glo-ry shall come

 O ye gates! and be ye lift up, ye ev-er-lasting doors, and the King of Glo-ry shall come

 O ye gates! and be ye lift up, ye ev-er-lasting doors, and the King of Glo-ry shall come









in.

in.

in.

Who is the King of Glory? the King of Glory? who

Who is the King of Glory? the King of Glory? who

The musical score for page 44 consists of eight measures. The first three measures are instrumental, each starting with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The lyrics 'in.' are written below the first three measures. The next four measures are vocal parts, with the lyrics 'Who is the King of Glory? the King of Glory? who' written below the staves. The final two measures are instrumental, continuing the melody from the first three measures.

The Lord strong and mighty, the

The Lord strong and mighty, the

The Lord strong and mighty, the

is the King of Glo-ry? who is the King of Glo-ry?

is the King of Glo-ry? who is the King of Glo-ry?

The musical score for page 100 consists of eight measures. The first three measures are vocal parts, with the lyrics 'The Lord strong and mighty, the' written below the staves. The next four measures are vocal parts, with the lyrics 'is the King of Glo-ry? who is the King of Glo-ry?' written below the staves. The final two measures are instrumental, continuing the melody from the first three measures.

Lord strong and mighty, strong and migh-ty in bat-tle.

Lord strong and mighty, strong and migh-ty in bat-tle.

Lord strong and mighty, strong and migh-ty in bat-tle. Lift up your heads, O ye Gates! and

Lift up your heads, O ye Gates! and

Lift up your heads, O ye Gates! and

8va.

be ye lift up, ye ev-er-last-ing doors, And the King of Glory shall come in, And the

be ye lift up, ye ev-er-last-ing doors, And the King of Glory shall come in, And the

be ye lift up, ye ev-er-last-ing doors, And the King of Glory shall come in, And the

8va.

Who is the King of Glory? who is the King of Glory? who

Who is the King of Glory? who is the King of Glory? who

King of Glo-ry shall come in. Who is the King of Glory? who is the King of Glory? who

King of Glo-ry shall come in.

King of Glo-ry shall come in.

8

is the King of Glo-ry! the Lord of.. Hosts;

is the King of Glo-ry? the Lord of.. Hosts;

is the King of Glo-ry? the Lord of Hosts; the Lord of Hosts;

the Lord of.. Hosts; the Lord of Hosts;

the Lord of.. Hosts; the Lord of Hosts;

adoration of music—the simplicity of his character—the purity of his life—the steadfastness of his friends—is not all this well known to you? Have you not heard it and read it a thousand times, and is it not in your “memory locked” like some well-remembered story?

There may, however, be a few who are not familiar with the history of this most remarkable man, and for their benefit I will say that John Chrysostom Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart was born on the 27th of January, 1756. At three years, he manifested a lively interest in Music—at four he remembered all the brilliant solos in the concertos which he heard, and now his father—who was possessed of no mean ability as a composer and performer—began, half in sport, to give him lessons. In learning to play, he learned to compose, his own nature discovering to him some important secrets in melody, rhythm, symmetry, and the art of setting a bass. In the course of his fourth year he composed little pieces. At six, he made his appearance before the Bavarian court at Munich, where he performed a concerto in the presence of the Elector, and, together with his sister, excited the liveliest admiration. Well assured, now, of the remarkable aptitude of his son for music, the father set to work in good earnest to develop his talents. The progress he made in his studies astonished and delighted his father and friends. Although he applied himself with energy and activity to all subjects in which he received instruction, music was the occupation which seemed to completely fill his soul. About this time he wrote a concerto for the harpsichord—this was perfect, according to the rules of art, but so difficult, that only the most practised performers could play it. His unequalled execution excited universal surprise. Singular stories are told of his sensibility to the finest differences of tones.—Even at this early period, he had the greatest aversion to discords and rough, shrill tones, not softened by combination, as, for instance, the sound of the trumpet, which, on one occasion, so affected him, that he fell to the ground pale, lifeless and convulsed. This delicate sensibility is apparent in all the works of Mozart.

It would weary you to present, in detail, all the triumphs of this boy-composer and performer.—Enough to say, that he overcame easily all the difficulties which were presented to him. His success on the violin was as great as on the harpsichord—on the organ he excited greater wonder and enthusiasm, while as a composer he fairly staggered belief. Almost impossible tasks were given to him, but no exertion seemed too great—he triumphed grandly everywhere, on all occasions. At twelve years of age he was employed by the Emperor of Germany to write a comic opera. About this time he composed a Mass, and a concert for trumpets, and this little boy of twelve led the performance in presence of the imperial court. In Italy he was lionized and eulogized as no other boy or man had been lionized or eulogized before. He had a most sensitive ear, and an astonishing memory; he could retain very difficult airs, and play them afterwards to the surprise of all his hearers. In Rome he wrote down (after hearing it only twice) the famous *Miserere*, annually sung in the Sistine Chapel, and at this time kept very secret. This was considered a wonderful performance. In Bologna, after having composed in half an hour an antiphony for four voices, in a room in which he was shut up alone, he was elected member and master of the chapel of the Philharmonic Academy. In his fourteenth year he composed the opera *Mithridates*, which was performed and repeated more than twenty times in succession. And, now, having become famous, he received orders from various managers and crowned heads to compose for them. In his seventeenth year he composed his third opera, *Lucio Silla*, which was performed and repeated twenty-six times in succession. Two years afterwards he wrote another opera, besides several masses, concertos, waltzes and accompaniments in the interval.

But, why multiply evidence of the fertility and exhaustlessness of the genius? In every instance he satisfied expectation, and was universally pronounced the wonder of his age and profession. He did for Music what Sir Joshua Reynolds did for Painting—created a school of his own—a school destined to live while a love for the true and the beautiful exists in the world. The breadth and symmetry of his style—its largeness and nobleness—its undoubted originality—the amazing fertility of his ideas—his clear and happy designs—his profound knowledge of all the intricacies of his art—his ingenious and masterly arrangement of the orchestra and wind instruments—his unrivalled richness, expression, energy and grace, all these great excellences proclaim him the master of the school which he established and left as an inestimable and enduring legacy to the world.

Is this school appreciated? Millions, who have lived and died since Mozart, have answered and still answer, “Yes!” As music is a universal language, so is Mozart universally loved and venerated.

More than one hundred years have rolled away since Mozart first opened his eyes upon the world, and what do we behold? Wherever Music has a “local habitation and a name,” the little, pale, delicate, but wondrously gifted Mozart is remembered, quoted, loved and honored; and this is immortality. Herein we behold the type of a pure, ideal, exultant soul—a genius of the highest order—a creative, self-reliant, imperishable nature—too good for earth, and early translated to a higher, a better, an eternal existence.

Judging of the future by the past, may we not safely predict that Mozart will be even better understood and more universally appreciated in the long years to come?

It would occupy too much time to specify in detail all the compositions of this great master, who was equally happy and equally successful in every kind of composition. His instrumental compositions, his beautiful symphonies, his ethereal quartets, concertos for the Piano, sonatas, &c., will remain a pattern for all nations and all ages. He has equal fame in sacred music, particularly for his grand hymns, and masses. His works, singularly enough, delight the mere amateur and the accomplished musician, notwithstanding the complete novelty of their character. He explored all the resources of the art, and attained the highest degree of perfection, by the richness, purity, and depth of his ideas.

His greatest and most permanent operatic successes were “*Idomeneo*,” the “*Marriage of Figaro*,” the “*Magic Flute*,” and “*Don Giovanni*.” “*Idomeneo*,” and “*Don Giovanni*,” we are told, were his favorites. It is impossible, however, to over-estimate the brilliant and solid glory of any of his achievements.

The great and all-absorbing idea of his life was Music. A musician almost by intuition, he lived in an atmosphere of his own creating. All that he saw, heard, thought or dreamt of, was music—only music—music ever. The roar of the ocean, the howling of the storm, the thunders of the cataract, the gentle breath of summer, the songs of birds, the happy laugh of childhood, sweet words of love, or loud and angry reproaches, all furnished to him in a greater or less degree, ideas of harmony. With rare facility he blended these sounds and reproduced tones whose equal in beauty, force and grace have never been heard.

Mozart was the sport of genius. Notwithstanding the unrivalled splendor of his musical talents, he was, in all other affairs of life, a mere child. In him, Music was a speciality, and so large and overshadowing and monopolizing was the gift, that it shut out every other quality, unfitting him for the ordinary business of every-day life. Genius-like, he never knew the value of money, and was, in consequence, often in want of means to discharge the expenses of his household—but these things sink into insignificance, when contrasted with the dazzling and imposing grandeur of his musical endowments.

The honor of having given birth to this extraordinary man, belongs to Germany, a country which has achieved a most enviable musical renown. Her hundreds of eminent composers and performers, have given her first rank in the musical world, and it is not too much to say that the modern school of music throughout Christendom, is largely indebted to her sons and daughters, who, as composers, performers and teachers, have elevated, dignified and embellished the art.

Of the profession itself, one cannot speak too highly. It adds grace and beauty to every walk of life. The scholar, the divine, the lawyer, the mechanic, the merchant, the farmer, the gentleman, the lady of elegant leisure, the boy, the girl, all derive pleasure and profit from its refining and elevating influence.

It is fit, then—nay, it is most becoming, that every respect and honor should be shown to a musician, like Mozart, who was pre-eminently great; whose works, after a century, still remain a “starry pointed pyramid;”—who excelled in every species of composition, from the impassioned elevation of the tragic opera to the familiar melody of the birthday song, who was ever the legitimate exponent of sentiment and passion, and who finally, like the immortal Shakespeare, was “not for a day, but for all time.”

THE CHOICE OF MUSIC. Let us not think that we have accomplished small things if we become really effective ballad singers. It is by no means an easy thing to sing a ballad. The highest order of talent may find ample field for itself even in ballad singing. There is nothing in music that more mightily moves the human heart than the ballad. A person may be born for naught else, that we can see, but to

sing a ballad—with a special gift for this—Heaven seeming, thus, specially to signalize this commanding power. The great ballad singers of a nation are remembered. They are apt to live as long as the ballads they sing—they become identified with them and go down to posterity in their tuneful company: just as do the great impersonators of certain characters in high tragedy. If for no other reason than that the ballad appeals to by far the largest class of those who ever listen to music, should we be well content if we be only finished ballad singers.

In our choice of ballads let us not be limited, of course, to the English language—rich as we know this to be. For aside from musical considerations (let us here passingly remark), we know of no better method of acquiring an accurate and pure pronunciation of the words of any language, than to sing those words. For does not musical articulation require that very dwelling upon the sounds, which reveals at once to the ear of both pupil and teacher the fact whether those sounds be the right ones or not? And what better method of storing the memory with words than in the shape of ballads? where concurrent numbers and concordant rhyme and pleasing melody form so admirable a mnemonic combination, and render the task so easy.

The languages richest in ballads are perhaps the English and German. But French, Spanish and Italian offer us a charming store also. It should be the aim of every singer gradually to form a choice collection of such ballads. Next to some standard work of good vocal exercises (which we should always keep by us for purposes of practice), a collection of the ballads and national songs of different lands should constitute the basis of every library. They should be well learned, put into permanent binding, and be kept for life purposes; never to be put aside, because always needed; never out of place because always demanded; never out of taste, because there is life-blood and heart-blood in them.—*Richard Storrs Willis.*

On Concerts.

(From Hoch's Musical Magazine, Boston, 1839.)

The name *concert*, being derived from the Latin word “*concertare*”—to contend, to vie with—implies that several persons are engaged in it, who unite in the performance, and vie with each other in the most perfect production of a composition. A series of pieces of music, performed by a single musician before an audience, cannot therefore be properly called a Concert.

In Europe, the full orchestra is generally employed at the present time in concerts; whether they be concerts of musical societies, or of musical men; whether they be sacred concerts, or vocal or instrumental concerts; and most certainly the orchestra is the proper material for a concert. In our own country, however, the employment of a full orchestra is always expensive, and often altogether impracticable; and moreover, orchestral music is neither understood and appreciated by the public, nor is it ever brought out in that style of uniform and effective performance, that commands attention and interest.

The means for a concert are therefore far more varied in Europe than with us; and so is their object; which may be either the performance of greater compositions, such as Oratorios, or that of mixed instrumental and vocal compositions, such as Symphonies, Overtures, concerted vocal pieces, &c.; or it may be the exhibition of rare talents, either vocal or instrumental.

Where the performance does not consist of one single greater composition, the greatest care must be taken by the director, in the selection and arrangement of the pieces to be performed. His chief object must not only be a pleasing and beautiful entertainment for the audience, but also the cultivation of their taste and feeling for the art. This cannot be done by mere solo performances, whose object generally is more to astonish by execution, than to touch the heart, and give a real treat of the power and effect of art to the soul. They should most certainly not be excluded from a concert; on the contrary, they are very useful, to bring variety into the performance, and to create emulation. They should not, however, form the chief part of the performances; which should consist of concerted vocal or instrumental pieces, such as Choruses, Symphonies, Overtures, Quintets, Quartets, &c. The director must therefore not merely take the pleasure of the great mass of the public as a criterion for his selection; but with a due regard for this, in order not to drive the audience away from the concert, and thus to frustrate its design altogether, he must so plan it as to raise the public taste for the art. He must therefore take care—first, not to give too much; it is not quantity that

is required, but *quality*; let the audience leave the concert desiring to hear more, rather than over-satiated; it will be better for the art, and for the artist too:—second, not to bring the long and heavy pieces at the end of the concert, when the ear and the mind begin to grow weary:—third, to give a pleasing variety of brilliant and more elaborate pieces:—fourth, not to break up a Symphony or a Concerto, and give only pieces of them: they are written as one whole, and ought to be performed as such. We would recommend a selection like the following. First Part, an entire Symphony. Second Part, an Overture, a Vocal Solo piece, an Instrumental Solo piece, a Concerted Vocal piece with orchestra.

The attention of the director must next be turned to a *careful rehearsal*, as well of the single parts, as of the whole. In any greater performance, the director must study the composition himself, in order to direct every Solo as well as Choral performer in the proper expression of his part: for it is mainly by his activity, skill and exactness in the rehearsals, that unity in the performance is to be effected. In the concert itself, he must preserve a dignified calmness; beating the time with the full score before him, so as to be able to detect, and quietly to point out to the individual performer, any mistake or inaccuracy.

The leader must coöperate with the director, following his directions, and communicating them to the Orchestra; and especially by his own playing he must move the whole Orchestra to energy or softness, as may be required. The individual members of the Orchestra must have their eyes constantly on both, and follow the playing of the leader in his more particular expression, while they take from the director the modulations of time and of the general character of the piece.

The position and right proportion of the Orchestra and Singers is the next important object. They must be so placed, that the *tutti* preserves the greatest unity in its effect upon the audience. The chief condition, and a *sine qua non*, is, that every individual member can see the director as well as the leader. The orchestra ought therefore to be amphitheatrical; having the Director in front, turned towards the Orchestra; and the Leader at the head of the first violins, immediately at his left; the second violins at his right; behind the first violins, the flutes and oboes; and behind the second violins, the clarinets and bassoons. In the middle, between these two files, the double basses and violoncellos must be extended down the whole length; and behind, on the last platform, the brass instruments and kettle-drums should be arranged. The Choir must by every means be placed before the orchestra, or at least as much so as can be; and the Solo singers must on no account stand behind the orchestra.

The number of instruments and voices must depend of course on the size of the Saloon, and on the character of the piece. Far more important than the number is it, to have the different instruments and voices in the right proportion to each other. The general rule is, that, as far as possible, all the parts should be kept in even proportion; that is, so that no one is covered by the too great preponderance of another. In our Orchestras, a deficiency in this respect often appears in the second violins and violas, which are sacrificed to the first violins; as the stringed instruments are constantly drowned by the wind instruments. The right proportions would be about 6 first Violins, 5 second Violins, 3 Altos, 4 Violoncellos, 2 Double Basses, and all the parts for wind instruments single. The wind instruments ought not to be doubled, even though the stringed instruments should be double the above quantity.

In vocal Choruses, the four parts ought to be about equally manned. The Bass voices might be a little more in number, to give more distinctness to that part; as well as the Alto, which is seldom strong enough, being mostly sung by Sopranos. Care should be taken to have good firm singers on the Alto.

The Orchestra, in accompanying Choruses, ought always to keep in mind that its business is only to support the voices; and must therefore be subservient, both in power and expression.

The Director has a great responsibility resting on him in this respect also; and it is to him that the composer looks, for guiding those over whom he holds his sceptre, to keep the right degree and measure.

M. Pasdeloup's popular Classical concerts in the Cirque Napoleon were to re-open on the 12th Oct. The programme was composed of the overture to *Don Juan*, Beethoven's C minor Symphony, a Haydn Quartet (played by all the strings of the orchestra!), and overture to *Freyschütz*.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, NOVEMBER 1, 1862.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of Handel's "Messiah."

What for the Winter?

Are there any sings of a musical season, to cheer and comfort us through war and party strife? A few scattering ones, at least; some cheerful twitterings of early birds, enough to justify the annual confidence that spring is coming—the musical and social spring and summer, coinciding with the fall and winter of the natural year. Signs and beginnings there are, with notes of preparation, warranting assurance that we shall have as much and as good music during the coming winter, as we had last year, to say the least—possibly more and better. We needed it then; it was so necessary to all peace and rest and sanity of mind; so impossible to endure the never ceasing strain and pressure upon every faculty and every sensibility, caused by the consciousness of the fiery trial, the new birth-throes (let us believe), through which our country is passing, without some such diversion, some such harmonizing, tranquilizing, hope and joy reviving angel influence as music. We need it still more now, that we are grown so weary of the protracted struggle, while the call is clearer than ever to flinch not short of the one only glorious conclusion; now while the cry goes up with intenser agony: Will the night soon pass? For health of mind and spirits, to make us feel that we are still ourselves, we must have recreation,—none so pure, so fit, so sweetly restorative as music. The want then remains unchanged; the means of satisfying it never yet taxed anybody very heavily, and a thousand costlier luxuries are not yet discarded. Therefore it is pretty certain we shall have it.

To begin with our own city, what beginnings are there? What signs? Such as have already risen on the field of vision are the following—small ones perhaps, but yet significant and full of promise.

We call it significant, in the first place, that we have a beginning, with the purpose of indefinite continuation, of classical Organ concerts—representing one important side of musical culture and enjoyment which has been too long strangely unprovided for among us. Year after year we have been urging our clever organists to do this thing; it is so cheaply done; it serves to keep the organist in practice in the true organ music, such as finds little chance in ordinary church service, and in *rapport* with the lovers of such music; while it gives the public, however small at first, easy and frequent opportunity to hear and know and feel what real Organ music is, and how inestimable the treasure bequeathed to the world by such a spirit as Sebastian Bach, if half the pains were taken to know him that are spent upon the empty triumphs of modern virtuosity. This want our young countryman, Mr. JOHN K. PAINE, has undertaken in a modest, simple manner to supply in some degree.—His two concerts at the West Church, in aid of the Sanitary Commission (one last Saturday and one to-day), are, we are happy to say, but the commencement of a series of Organ concerts,

which he will give at stated times, to such listeners as care enough about it to pay the very small price, and with a view, not so much of gain, as of keeping the artist alive in himself, and of keeping Art and the interest therein alive in such public as it may command. This is the motive for which the best artists in the German cities give concerts; it is seldom that they hope to make money by them.

On Saturday evening, next week, Mr. JULIUS EICHBERG will give a soirée at Chickering's, which will have many features of interest to lovers of the best in music. Besides his own admirable violinism in the *Chaconne* of Bach, and smaller pieces, he will, with Mr. Paine's assistance, present one of Bach's Sonata-Duos for violin and piano,—for the first time, we fancy, in our concert rooms. Also his own Concerto for four violins, which has made a mark before. There will also be part-singing by the "Orpheus," and songs by good solo talent, for still further fresh variety.

Next in the field will probably be the MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB, who are preparing to open their annual supply of good things—Quintets, Quartets, Trios, Sonatas, &c.—on the 12th inst. It is their *fourteenth season*! Among the new works in practice are a quartet by Schumann, and another of the so-called Posthumous Quartets of Beethoven; also some modern varieties, attempts by young composers, &c., will mingle in their programmes and pique curiosity, if nothing more.

Mr. CARL ZERRAHN informs us that he is in no doubt about renewing his Philharmonic Orchestra Concerts, and at an earlier day than usual, perhaps before the present month runs out. His materials for an orchestra will be at least as good (essentially the same) as last year, perhaps with some increase of force. We shall not be suffered to forget or miss the inspiration of Beethoven's Symphonies—outlive them who ever can as long as there shall be any chance to hear them? Mr. Zerrahn has imported a large and various supply of new orchestral works, overtures, arrangements, dance music, &c., of which he will doubtless give us a taste both in the Philharmonic evening concerts, and in the Afternoon concerts of the ORCHESTRAL UNION, which are sure to follow when the first lead off.

As for Oratorio and large sacred choral music, we hear of no special movements; but the old HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY still lives, to which we owe all that we know hereabouts of the "Messiah," and "Samson," and "Judas Maccabæus," and "Israel in Egypt," and "Jephtha," and the "Creation," and "Elijah," &c., &c., and doubtless they have something good in store for us. But we need also one or more new choral societies upon a smaller scale, and somewhat different principle, to cultivate acquaintance (and diffuse it as they may have means and opportunity) with such works as the Cantatas, Masses, Passions, &c., of Sebastian Bach; and with the works of Palestrina and other old Italian and Flemish masters. Such things will spring up in time; they depend on individual enthusiasm and enterprise; the fit materials may not as yet be numerous, but enough so for a small beginning which may grow.

We shall have semi-private, social concerts too, given to whole rooms full of friends and guests, by such societies as the "Orpheus," the "Mozart

Club," &c., which rank among the most pleasant and profitable of our musical occasions. And it will be strange if out of all this movement there do not spring many occasional, individual good things in the concert line, such as were among the finest grain of last year's reaping. (For instance, Mr. LANG's production of the "Walpurgis Night;" Mr. DRESEL's piano-forte soirées, &c.)

NEW YORK unfolds of course a richer programme. Her large German population, and abundant supply of good musicians, make more and larger undertakings in the higher fields of music a necessity. Yet always until very lately, in Symphony, Oratorio and classical Quartet performances Boston has borne the palm. But New York has a permanent Orchestral Society, on a much ampler scale than ours, which has to be regathered every winter by the individual concert giver. Her noble "Philharmonic" has already had its first public Rehearsal (Concerts to follow in course); and the bill was good: Beethoven's 4th Symphony, an Overture ("Christmas Dream") by Ferd. Hiller, Mendelssohn's violin Concerto, &c.—Nor is this the only chance for great orchestral music; Mr. CARL ANSCHUETZ, with his German Opera orchestra, are giving Sunday evening concerts, intending to bring out all the nine symphonies of Beethoven in course, besides a great variety of overtures and other works by older and newer masters, both classical and still debatable. In Brooklyn, too, which is but the other lobe of New York, the Philharmonic Orchestra has summoned Mr. THEODORE THOMAS to its conductorship, and will soon again divide attention with the parent Philharmonic on the other side.

In New York, too, as we have seen by the excellent letters of our correspondent(s), they have Opera—and German Opera too—which looks like a settled thing, an institution, where such things are heard as Mozart's *Seraglio* and *Zauberflöte*, Weber's *Freyschütz*, and many a good thing which we only hear about in these parts:—not to speak of the various crumbling kaleidoscopic combinations of Italian Opera, chiefly shaken together out of the same old bits of glass by sharp Jew managers, and now and then a peep or two at it peripatetically vouchsafed here in Boston and the larger towns about us.

Then there is the "Liederkrantz," under the direction of Mr. PAUR, announcing four concerts made up of some rare selections; such as: Finale from Mendelssohn's *Lorely*; Gade's "*Comala*"; the "*Mignon-Requiem*" and the "*Manfred*" music (melo-drama, solo and chorus) by Schumann; the Symphony-Cantata by Mendelssohn; Eight-part choruses by Palestrina and Lotti; *Gloria* from Beethoven's great Mass in D; and *Credo* from the Mass written by Liszt for the Convent at Gran. Truly a tempting feast in these dry times!

Of the plans of the Harmonic, the Mendelssohn, and other sacred choral societies, we are not informed. They probably will not be idle.

Then too there will be the interesting programmes of Messrs. MASON and THOMAS's Chamber Concerts, which will commence again next month, and doubtless give rich feasts of Beethoven, Schumann, Schubert, Chopin, &c., not confined to the commonest well-known selections

from their works. At least such we take to be the spirit of their enterprise.

In PHILADELPHIA, too, there will probably be no falling off; though we are not yet informed of the intentions of the Oratorio and Musical Fund Societies of that City of Brotherly Love. Meanwhile it is certain that the popular, in part classical "rehearsals" of the Germania Orchestra, under CARL SENTZ, will be resumed on the 22d of this month. Perhaps they (that is, their audiences) have reached the point where they may essay a whole Symphony, instead of only now and then a Scherzo or Andante as in past years.—Mr. WOLFSOHN's Classical Soirées will come round again, offering such attractions as: Mozart's Quintet for piano with wind instruments; his Trio for piano, violin and clarinet; Beethoven's Trio with clarinet; some of Schumann's compositions for piano and clarinet; a Septet by Hummel, &c. Other Classical Soirées are announced by Messrs. JARVIS and CROSS.

Such are the results of a hasty lookout over the chief points of the field. The report is by no means complete, but there is enough to show that there will be a "musical season." Whether it will be marked by real musical progress, whether the standards of true Art will be borne farther forward, remains to be seen.

Organ Concerts.

Mr. J. K. PAINE's first of two concerts, for the Sanitary Commission, took place last Saturday Afternoon at the West Church (Rev. Dr. Bartol's). There was a goodly assemblage of quite earnest listeners, although the church was very far from being crowded. Musically it was an occasion of great and unique interest, and altogether a success. By far the most effective pieces, on that organ, were those in which the full organ was employed, especially the two *Toccatas* by Bach. For these the instrument lent itself more heartily and positively, than to the Choral Variation and the Sonata Trio, in which the softer stops employed had a certain unsatisfactory dullness and monotony of sound, a lack of that clear, pronounced individuality which goes with the sweetness in most of the excellent organs by the same makers. In the Variation, to be sure, the Choral melody sang itself upon a reed (oboe) stop of marked quality, which stood off in good contrast against the flowing figurative accompaniment; yet the voices mingling intertwined in this were dull; no fault of the organist's, whose rendering is always clear and accurate, keeping the individuality of the parts distinct, and binding all together in an artistic complex whole. It was a little unfortunate that the Trio Sonata began immediately after it, with a selection of stops, different indeed, and doubtless the right ones, but yet of so essentially the same quality of tone, that the ear was not roused to seize hold of the movement with the fresh appetite of contrast. No one, however, could fail to become interested in the work as it went on. It is a beautiful imaginative composition, in E minor, for two manuals and the pedals, each performing the part of one person in the trio. Its three movements, the first and last quick, the middle one an Andante and a lovely one, conform closely enough to the developed Sonata form of a more modern day. It is one of six such Trio Sonatas, which we have by Bach, and they are full of the fine poetry, as well as of the euphony and cunning art of music, in which the inspired old master contrapuntist stands unrivalled.

But the *Toccatas*, in D minor and in F, leaped out with real spring and vigor, salient and solid in their

strongly moulded limbs and muscles; for the full organ is truly telling, rich and brilliant. What glorious disportings of a free, strong, wholesome fancy these *Toccatas* are! How quaint, full of honest sense and humor! Union of play and earnest—and how much more rewarding than the forced, sophisticated feats of modern virtuosity, fantasias, and what not! And yet Bach always is himself; in the Fugue he had mastered the vital principle and secret of all form in Art, just as philosophers have traced the spiral through all growth in nature. Fugue had become second nature with him, the readiest, spontaneous method of his whole musical activity; not an acquired artificial system, a thing of learned pedantry, but a live instinct of genius, of the rare soul of music in him. And so in these free *Toccatas*, these fanciful and flighty touches as it were of captivating themes, ideas, to be played with freely, rather than worked out with exhaustive contrapuntal treatment, he still relapses now and then involuntarily into the Fugue habit: for Fugue with him is just as free as fancy; and each fancy all the more charming that it takes perfect form. These pieces were admirably played by Mr. Paine; the precision, fluency, connected sequence of each part in the harmony, and especially the rapid pedal passages, being fair specimens of what organ-playing is in Germany, the land of Bach.

We could not help thinking it a defect in Mr. Paine's programme, that it did not include at least one regular organ Fugue, as such, by Bach; such as those grand ones he has played in former concerts. As yet the audience for an organ concert must necessarily be made up in some measure of persons curious to hear for once that very mysterious thing which they have heard so much about, a Fugue of Bach; they would like for once to be in presence of the formidable creature, and see if they can make anything out of him.

The second part of the concert consisted of an *Andante* by Fischer; an *Allegretto* from one of Mendelssohn's Organ Sonatas, a sweet and pensive song without words as it were, played perhaps a little too fast; and by Mr. Paine's own concert variations on "Old Hundred" and the "Star-Spangled Banner," which lose none of their popularity; also by a sort of twilight reverie in tones, using the swell freely with a rich combination of stops, in which he illustrates with some warmth and beauty of poetic feeling, Longfellow's lines: "Into the Silent Land." This was particularly enjoyed by most.

Mr. Paine's second concert, in aid of the same good object, will take place in the same church this afternoon, at half-past three. The programme will be mostly new, and will include one or more of Bach's grand Fugues.

CORRECTION.—We have to call the attention of the reader to a puzzling misplacement (which occurred in the hurry of "making up" last week's paper), in one of the musical citations in "Timothy Trill's" letter about "Wagner and his critics." The two short staves at the bottom of page 237 are inverted; the top one should be the lower one, and vice versa. Thus read, the passage will make sense; let no satirical Anti-Wagnerite suggest that with his music it matters not, as some have said of Turner's pictures, whether you take it right or wrong side up!

Music Abroad.

PARIS.—The pieces at the Grand Opera, during the first week of October, were *Les Huguenots*, *La Juive*, *Guillaume Tell*, and *Robert le Diable*.

The Bouffes-Parisiens reopened Oct. 1, with four little pieces by Offenbach: *Apothicaire et Perruquier*, *La Chanson de Fortunio*, *Tromb-al-Czar*, and *M. Chouffery*. The witty buffoonery and pretty music of these little pieces has stood the test, they say, of hundreds of representations.

BERLIN.—Mr. Chorley has been to the Prussian capital of late, and writes (in the *Athenæum*) glowingly about Liebig's concerts, fully confirming all that we have often said about them in these columns:

While the managements of the Berlin theatres are so strenuously working out the hopeless task of giving musical dramas without adequate singers, and while, betwixt this incompatibility and the noxious influence of false principles paraded as discoveries, public taste suffers, Berlin has still its own quieter musical parishes, in which a love of what is sterling in composition and excellent in performance flourishes unobtrusively and wholesomely. Herr Liebig's Symphony Concerts, which were originated some fifteen years ago, and are given on the cheapest possible scale of admission, are of the very highest merit. This is the programme of a six-penny entertainment at which I was present in the Sommer-salon:—Overture, "Idomeneus," Mozart; Symphony, C minor, Spohr; Overture, "Elise," Cherubini; Romance, Schwantzer; Overture, "Euryanthe," Weber; Symphony, F major, Beethoven. The Summer-Salon, a cool, cheerful, room in three divisions, decorated in the best state, was filled by a burgher audience of some eight hundred strong, most prepossessing in appearance, in attention, and in refinement of behavior; an audience worth pleasing, by the best offerings. Herr Liebig's band consists of forty-five performers. I have never heard such symphony-playing for many a long day, nor German symphonic music more competently conducted, with due ease, expression, breadth and spirit. The following has been the repertory of the year:—The nine symphonies of Beethoven, all his overtures, his music to "Egmont" and to "The Ruins of Athens," entire, also his "Septuor"—twelve symphonies by Mozart, all his overtures, and three unpublished marches—choice pieces by Bach and Gluck—eighteen symphonies by Haydn—three symphonies by Spohr (including "The Power of Sound")—Schubert's Symphony in C major, Schumann's in B flat major—all the overtures of Weber, of Mendelssohn, and his symphonies also, and his "Midsummer Night's dream" music—all the overtures of Cherubini—the triumphal symphony of Titus Ulrich, with lighter music! It is impossible for an Englishman to draw out such a list, and to recall the unimpeachable excellence and finish of a performance which may be fairly accepted as a specimen, without shame at the contrast presented by such liberality of classical repertory, and such perfect execution under conditions so limited, with the narrow and unsatisfactory proceeding of our costly and once far-famed Philharmonic Society.

VIENNA.—Sig. Mocelli's Italian Opera Company will begin the season at the Carltheater on the 24th February. The season will last from that date to the 24th April, and will consist of thirty performances. Sig. Mocelli has engaged Mdle. Patti at a monthly salary of £1000. After the first fifteen performances, Mdle. Trebelli will arrive and alternate with Mdle. Patti. Signor Giuglini will be first tenor; Signora Filippini, contralto; and M. Faure, baritone. Among the operas already selected to form part of the programme may be mentioned: *Lucia, Martha, Il Barbiere, Linda, L' Elisire*, etc.—Herr von Plotow is at present stopping here.—The old "Widow and Orphan Society" has changed its title, and is now called the "Haydn Society." To commemorate the fact, the members will, at their next concert, give Haydn's oratorio of *Tobias*, under the direction of Herr Esser.—A German lady from Odessa, whose name is not known to the writer, has had Franz Schubert's grave freed from the weeds with which it was overgrown, and planted around with flowers. She has also set aside a sufficient annual sum to keep it in order.

CARLSRUHE.—An interesting discovery has just been made while looking through some old archives belonging to the court. This is nothing more nor less than somewhere about twenty well-preserved and elegantly got-up scores of operas and ballets by Lully. Among them is the score of his *Alceste*, and that of *Cadmus*, his first opera. All these MSS., so interesting both in a historical and musical point of view, have already been lodged in the Grand-Ducal Library.

ST. PETERSBURG.—A correspondent of the *Neue Berliner Musik-Zeitung*, is enthusiastic about the way in which musical art is fostered by the Czar. He writes:

Musical matters are making a greater advance here than in any other place, and it is gratifying to professional artists as well as to amateurs to see how,

under the most unfavorable political circumstances, a wise government, if really in earnest, can manage to spare some money to work out noble ends, and, with money and a willing spirit, is enabled to do great things. The love of such a government is, however, impressed deeply and permanently on men's minds. First and foremost, we have been successful in the principal point; we have obtained a public Conservatory, a model institution for Russia, nay, for the rest of Europe. It will be solemnly opened to-morrow, in the presence of its Patroness, the Crown Princess, by the Minister of Education and the Director, Herr Rubinstein. I already gave you in April last a list of the distinguished staff of professors, such a staff as is to be found within the walls of no other city—and I mentioned, likewise, the extraordinary privileges which will be enjoyed by the pupils. The foundation of this noble institution is the greatest blessing which could ever have been conferred upon us by the Russian Musical Society, which spreads all over Russia, after it had been striving for years, by giving really good concerts, and by pushing forward persons of talent, to attain this object. Consistently with their general principles, its members obtained a cabinet order from the Emperor for the immediate introduction of the French normal pitch, and while intelligent Germany is still hesitating and turning the matter over in her mind, to be after all, compelled to adopt the salutary lowering of the chambertone, we have already the finest instruments, concerts, and operatic performances with the newly adopted pitch. "Forward, Russia, in everything good that raises and advances art!" Who would have sought, in the extreme North, ten years ago, this motto of a truly great and noble-minded Emperor! Yet to-day, it has become a truth, and the institution which will be brilliantly inaugurated under the most favorable auspices, to-morrow, is a guarantee of its seriousness and genuineness. A period has probably arrived when the immortal works of German genius are presented more perfectly in Russia than in any other country. The performances of the Musical Society here and in Moscow, as far back as last year, set this nation aloft. The military bands also, will be subjected to a thorough reform. Apart from the fact that the French normal pitch will be introduced at once, as a matter of course, Herr Dörppl, the director of the bands of the Guard regiments, has profited by the results of a tour of musical inspection through Mid-Europe, to draw up extensive plans of reform, already submitted to the Emperor. Prussia has been taken as a model for the cavalry.

The theatrical world is in a state of lively agitation; Herr von Saburoff, Intendant-General of the Imperial Theatres, has, at the special command of the Emperor, been removed from his post, and no one has been, as yet, appointed to succeed him. This is another proof of the sovereign's good sense, and we have no doubt that the helm will be entrusted to some better qualified and more intelligent person.* The Imperial Italian Opera is looking forward to the arrival of its forces, most of whom have been playing in London, as well as of the *maestro*, Verdi, who will resume the rehearsals of his opera, *La Forza del Destino*, the production of which was unfortunately prevented last year, by the illness of Mad. Lagrua. Evil-minded persons saw in this illness a well-considered fiction. So much is certain; Mad. Lagrua will not play the principal part, which, at Verdi's recommendation, Mad. Barbet will only too cheerfully undertake. I am acquainted with the work from having heard it at some of the rehearsals, and I again prognosticate for it an extraordinary success, since it pursues, with tact and talent, an artistic aim in every respect far more than usually serious. Meanwhile the National Opera has recommended at the Maria Theatre with *Les Huguenots*, and *Il Trovatore*. The *prima donna* is a novice in art, Mad. Valentine Bianchi, daughter of a celebrated singing master here. She has produced a favorable impression and achieved a success. I have already informed you, in a few words, that, to the delight and satisfaction of all lovers of art, Meyerbeer's immortal opera has been given, by Imperial command, for some short time past, under its true and proper name. At the same theatre, the charming and graceful danseuse, Mdle. Mouraviev, is creating a *fièvre*. The capital of the North has been terribly spoiled in the way of ballet, from the days of Taglioni and Elster down to those of Rosati and Farraris. The fair little Russian, however, throws them all into the shade; her tour to Berlin, Paris, Milan, and Vienna, will speedily substantiate this bold assertion.

* I have just heard that the place has been conferred upon Patkul, formerly minister of police. Better qualified persons, such, for instance, as Count Wiedorski, etc., could, unfortunately not be thought of, as the office is an honorary one, without any salary.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

- | | | |
|--|----------------|----|
| Years ago. Ballad. | C. Hodgson. | 25 |
| Thou only I love. Song. | Franz Abt. | 25 |
| Kathleen Aroon. Song. | " " | 25 |
| My heart remains with thee. | John Morgan. | 25 |
| Laddie. Ballad. | Geo. Linley. | 25 |
| Reprints of the latest and best German and English songs. The songs by Abt. are very sweet. The English translation is excellently well adapted. | | |
| We are coming, Father Abraham. | N. J. Spörle. | 25 |
| Dream on. Quartet. | J. M. Stewart. | 25 |
| To Inez! Come back to me fair Inez. | T. Johnson. | 25 |
| A charming song. | | |

Instrumental Music.

- | | | |
|--|--------------------------------|----|
| On song's bright pinions. Auf Flügel des Gesanges. | Auf Flügel des Stephen Heller. | 75 |
| A transcription of one of Mendelssohn's most lovely songs. Very brilliant and difficult, but well worth a month's hard practice. | | |
| 41st Regiment's March, dedicated to Col. T. E. Chickering. | A. Bendelari. | 35 |
| The march was performed at the Concert for the benefit of the 41st Regiment, and was received with great favor. It is illustrated with a most striking likeness of the popular young commander, and is well deserving a place in the Repertoire of every young pianist—especially of the fortunate owner of one of Chickering & Son's fine pianos. | | |
| Circassian Polka. Four hands. | Chas. D'Albert. | 50 |
| Palermo Quadrille. | " " | 50 |
| Schomberg Galop. | " " | 45 |
| A piece of dance-music, if performed by two good players instead of one, is generally so much stronger marked, much more uniform in time, that in playing for dancing, a four-hand arrangement should always be preferred, if possible. The above arrangements offer hardly any difficulties. | | |

Books.

KING'S NEW COLLECTION OF CHURCH MUSIC.

Mostly selected from the works of the Great Masters, with separate Organ accompaniment.

By W. A. King. \$2.00

Those who have seen the "Grace Church Collection" one of Mr. King's former works, will recognize a kindred production; the same careful selection and excellent arrangement which commended that book to the immense favor it received among the best quartet choirs, being eminent in this. An examination of its pages will convince all who seek a book of superior church music, of its complete excellence.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

